



The LONE WOLF

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

A CHARMING PARIS UNDERWORLD STORY

LONELY lad of Paris becomes the Lone Wolf, an artist in crime. When the criminal Wolf Pack assails him, when he opens the door of his heart to let in a woman's love, what follows after is so

Surprising, Swift Absorbing

that at "The End" one pauses with a wistful desire to follow the Lone Wolf beyond it. It is Vance's strongest story since "The Brass Bowl." We are about to publish it in serial form for the benefit of our readers.

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SEEING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



—Taylor in Los Angeles Times.

Listen Daughter

I gather from little things that I have heard from time to time that you and your mother are beginning to worry a bit because none of the nice young fellows who call on you come back more than once or twice. Your mother ought to know the reason and I think it is about time for you to know, too. It isn't because the young men don't like you honey—almost any nice young man would do that. It's because they find out, after a short acquaintance, that you know more about clothes than clothes-lines; that you know how to use a powder puff but know nothing about how to band a cream puff; that you know how to paint and fire china but never tried your hand on painting the kitchen baseboard nor attempted to bake a loaf of bread; that Mrs. Vernon Castle can teach you nothing of her art but that you never heard of Mrs. Rorer; that you know more about how to change a tire than how to drop a stake; that you are never tired to play golf or tennis but that a ten-minute session at the dish pan would weary you to prostration; and that while you can play "Humoresque" and "The End of a Perfect Day" on the piano you could not perform "The Song of Shant" at a sewing machine recital to save your pure white soul from perdition. But cheer up, honey. A two months' course at the Old Home Domestic Science University, under the tutelage of dear old Professor R. D. W., will give you an education which will be the means of enabling you to take your place from among the young fellows who can around and win the strongest link in the chain by which you will hold his love and affection forever. You can matriculate today and the entire course will not cost you one red cent. How about it?

The Devil sat by the lake of fire on a pile of sulphur logs; his head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs; a look of shame was on his face—the sparks dripped from his eyes—he had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies. "I'm down and out," the Devil said—he said it with a sob—there are others that outclass me, and I want to quit my job. He isn't in it with the man that lies along the Rhine; I'm a has-been and a piker, and therefore I resign; one ammunition maker, with his bloody shot and shell, knows more about damnation than all theimps of Hell. Give my job to Kaiser William, or to the Russian Czar, or King George or J. P. Morgan, or some such man of war. I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well, but I feel that I'm not up-to-date in the art of running Hell. And the Devil spit a squirt of brimstone at a brimstone bumblebee, and muttered that he guessed he'd go and hunt up young John D.—By the Rip-Saw Poet

The editor of The Lash has often wondered why so many who have a hope of inhabiting an orthodox haven always carry a face as long as a hoe handle? Does real Christianity spread a look of chronic gloom over the faces of those who claim to have made peace with their God? Folks who get such results as that from their purchase of a "home beyond the skies" are out of skew somehow or other. Christ taught that God is love—that Heaven is a home of joy. When Christ was here His every word and act was to fill the land with light instead of darkness—with hope instead of despair. And judging by the expression of a lot of people's faces who claim to have religion we'd imagine that it's something terrible to contemplate. Who would believe that the Creator poured out all the enchanting scenes of nature and then designed that Christianity place a veil of sadness over

them all? Christ's foremost aim was to wipe human sorrow from the earth and establish never ceasing anthems of joy. When I become a minister I wouldn't preach a five minutes to a fellow who looked as though his religion was hurting—who seems sorry that he is going to be saved. When I deliver the "glad tidings of great joy" to a fellow mortal I want him to act like a poor miserable beggar who had just come in possession of a new suit of clothes and was wrapping his stomach around a hot two dollar lunch, instead of treating it like a butcher's account for last year's beef. When I get through pumping saving grace into his soul I want him to go out and add to the world's gladness. No matter whether I made a Holiness of him or a sure-enough Baptist, I want him to recognize a brother christian in every man who is trying to serve the Lord. And after expending my time and energy trying to get his feet on the "Rock of Ages" and enroll him in the army of Israel, if I find that he's such a blooming ass as to want to turn out of the church any member who will attend a Holiness meeting or take part with the Methodists, I'll take a club and kill him.—The Lash, Moravin Falls, N. C.

Gluttonish greed for worldly glory brought on the European war, but but after it is over, there must be a reckoning of the blood that has been spilled. And at the last, if peace will be restored to the warring nations to their former prosperity why in hell is war, anyway?—K. Lamity's Harpoon.

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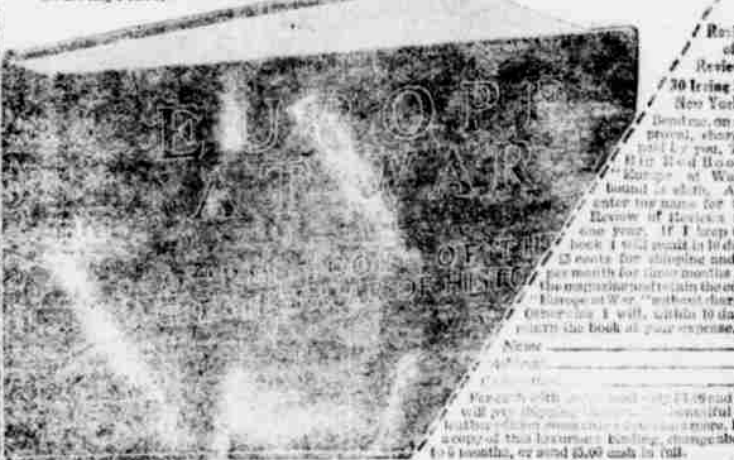
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